

THE
ILLUMINATED LIBRARY
FOR THE
HOMES OF
HAPPY CHILDHOOD

OLD DAME TROT
AND HER CAT.



LONDON AND OTLEY:
W^M WALKER AND SON.

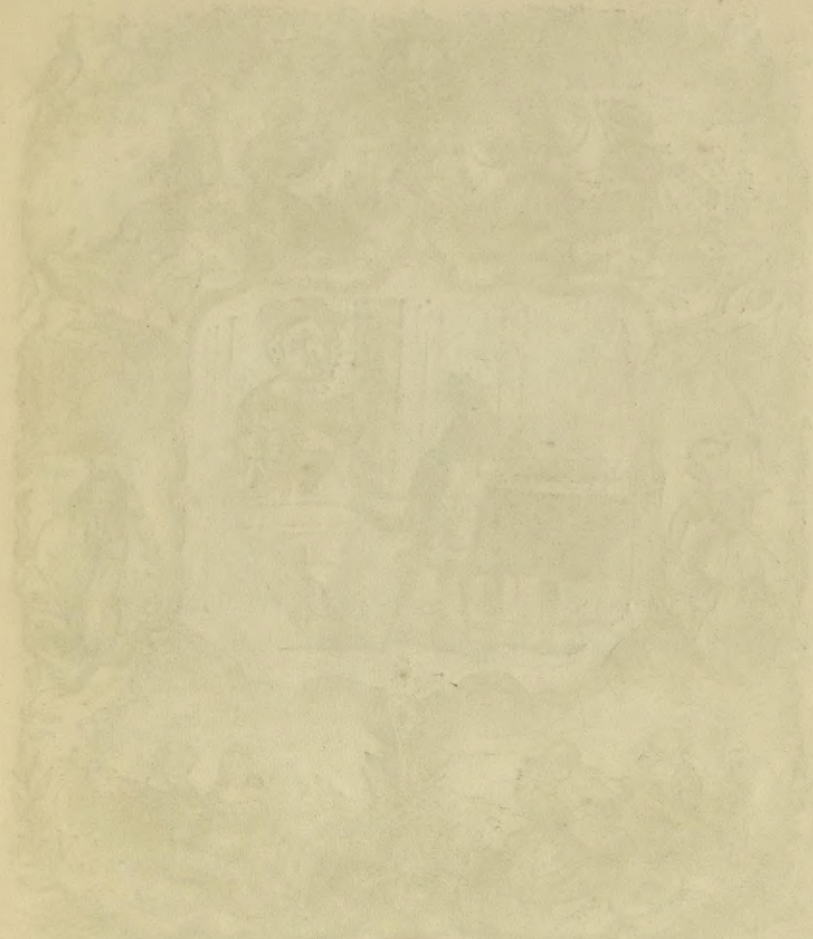


Look here, my Puss, said Mrs. Trot,
 These fish will suit you nice and hot.
 I know that you are fond of fish,—
 I'll cook them nicely in a dish ;
 Then you and I on them will dine,
 And then we'll take a glass of wine,
 And afterwards we'll both walk out.
 We will, said Puss, and jump'd about.



Next day old Madam Trot went out
 To purchase them a dish of Trout ;
 But when she home return'd again,
 No one can tell her grief and pain ;
 For, as she enter'd at her door,
 She found Tib dead upon the floor !
 Lifting her hands, she loudly sigh'd,
 And wish'd that she had also died.

And wish'd that she had thro' die
Lifting her hands, she loudly sigh'd
She found Tib dead upon the floor!
For, as she enter'd at her door,
No one can tell her grief and pain;
But when she home return'd again,
To purchase them a dish of Lent;
Next day old Mabel Trot went out



I heard it said that Old Dame Trot
 Was what some people call a sot;
 Her blotted face will tell you soon
 She to the tavern off did go.
 One day she got some ale when dry
 And found Tib making a veal pie.
 Which tasted well, I do declare,
 I would not wish for better fare.



I heard it said that Old Dame Trot
 Was what some people call a sot ;
 Her bloated face will tell you so :
 She to the tavern oft did go.
 One day she got some ale when dry,
 And found Tib making a veal pie,
 Which tasted well, I do declare,—
 I would not wish for better fare !



But she was fill'd with vast surprise,
 And scarcely could believe her eyes,
 On seeing Tib sit down to spin,
 When she had bought a pint of gin.
 Spirits she drank, as well as ale,
 With which she did herself regale,
 And would for days together rant,
 Not caring what her Tib did want.

Not caring what her Tib did want,
And would for days together rant,
With which she hid herself regale,
Spits she drunk us well as ale,
When she had brought a pint of gin,
On seeing Tib sit down to spin,
And scarce could believe her eyes,
But she was fill'd with vast surprise.

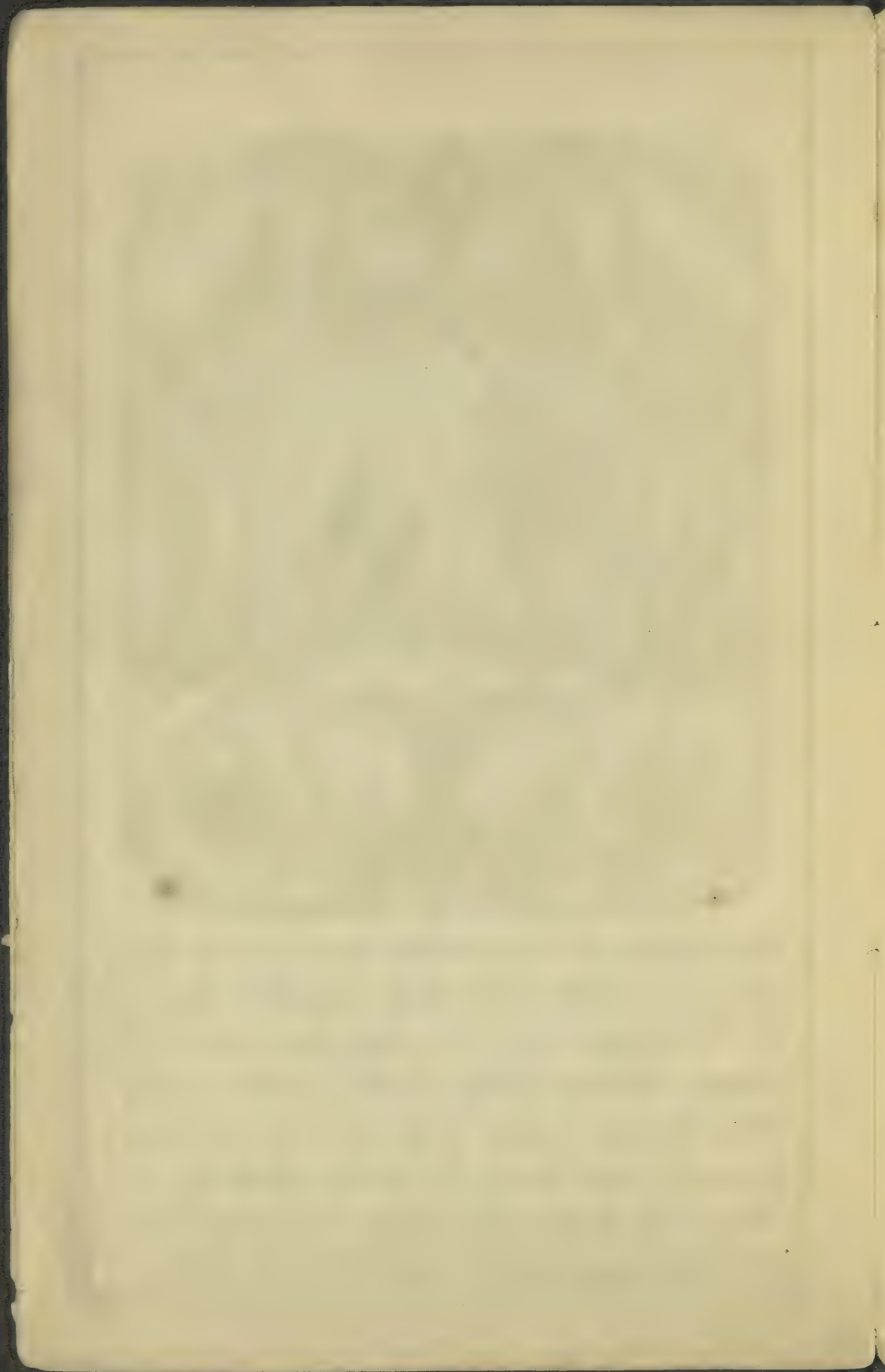
Dances, light on walking from a sleep
 Loud music, and then took a peep
 To see how, where it did enjoy
 When she beheld, to her surprise,
 Her pretty, 'Tis quite clean and nice
 Set adding to a group of nice
 Dancing around with merry glee—
 A sight like which I never did see



Dame Trot, on waking from a sleep,
 Heard music, and then took a peep
 To see from whence it did arise ;
 When she beheld, to her surprise,
 Her pretty Tib, quite clean and nice,
 Sat fiddling to a group of mice,
 Dancing around with merry glee,—
 A sight like which I ne'er did see !



Dame took to puss a frock one day,
 And found her riding upon Tray.
 O Tib, said she, you ought to walk,
 Your riding Tray will cause a talk :
 Of all your race you are the oddest ;
 I wish you were a little modest :
 For you I bought this frock so fine :
 So, get you drest, and let us dine.



And let us taste your Holland gin
Walk in, Dame, 'till you do walk in
When Tibb explains'd, all in a joke,
Tibb and Tom set down to smoke;
Where also in wonder great did see
And hurried home in greatest glee,
A pair of shoes of purple hue,
The Dame bought for her of a Jew.



The Dame bought for her, of a Jew,
 A pair of shoes of purple hue,
 And hurried home in greatest glee,
 Where she in wonder great did see
 Tibby and Tom sat down to smoke ;
 When Tib exclaim'd, all in a joke,
 Walk in, Dame Trot, oh, do walk in,
 And let us taste your Holland gin !



On taking Tib a Cherry Tart,
 She found her drest up very smart,
 In tippet, frock and Leghorn bonnet,
 Making her glad depend upon it.
 And now the story's at a close ;
 You think it droll, I do suppose :
 But I don't vouch it as a truth ;
 It's all a fiction writ for Youth.

Yotam Link

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